

IS A ROYAL MONSTER.

THE DOMAIN OF KING OBBAH IS A CENTER OF SLAVERY.

Slavery is a formidable part of the social fabric of this African Kingdom—Obbah is the most atrocious of monarchs—the City of Benin Described.

If England makes good its intentions to punish King Obbah, of Benin, for the recent massacre of an unarmed expedition, the most atrocious of the African monarchs will get a taste of the misery he has so generously bestowed upon tens of thousands of others. And that England will do this there is little doubt, for in addition to avenging the deaths of her subjects, the conquest of Benin will open up a country of immeasurable richness. Not only this, but it will abolish one of the central points of the slave traffic of Africa, and go a long way toward crushing cannibalism and human sacrifice.

The domain of King Obbah forms the central section of the notorious 'Slave Coast' of the Gulf of Guinea. This was a favorite resort of the slave hunter, as far back as a century ago. The ancestors of the King helped the slavers, in exchange for trifling baubles, and when the foreign demand ceased, the traffic was continued for native purposes, just as it had existed before the advent of the foreign slavers.

Slavery is a formidable part of the social fabric of this African kingdom. It supplies a currency system; it does away with the need of jails or penitentiaries; it is an exchangeable commodity for the riches of the slave cities in Northern Africa, and forms a scheme for the disposition of captives made in the party wars which are constantly being waged.

King Obbah's domain adjoins that of the late King of Dahomey, and next to the latter is the kingdom of Ashantee, whose monarch, Prempeh, was summarily disposed of in October last by the British. Adjoining Benin, on the east, is the domain of the King of Brass. This nest of kingdoms forms a large part of the Niger Coast Protectorate, but owing to the cruelties and exactions of the different kings, the rich country has been rendered next to useless for commercial purposes.

Of all these monarchs the King of Benin is about the worst. Very few white men have ever visited the city of Benin, located some two hundred miles inland from the coast. Even the missionaries have given the city a wide berth although they have penetrated to all parts of the kingdoms of Ashantee, Dahomey and Brass. Captain H. L. Gallway, the British vice consul of that district, visited the place and concluded a treaty with King Adola, the predecessor of Obbah.

Adola was reckoned to be a much more humane monarch than Obbah, but some of the things witnessed by Captain Gallway seem to have reached the pinnacle of outrageous barbarism. He reached the city at night, and the King cordially placed a house of red clay with a thatched roof, at his disposal. In the morning the first thing he saw was the body of a crucified woman who had been sacrificed some weeks before, according to fetish rite, that the rain might stop. Nearer his house were two bodies frightfully mutilated, and further away were the bodies of two other women who had been crucified.

When he examined his own house, he found the walls were adorned with many human skulls and bones, and there were many bloodstains on the wall some of them quite fresh, showing that the two rooms had recently been the scene of some wild slaughter.

The city of Benin is quite extensive, having twelve or fifteen hundred houses of clay. What the population is can only be conjectured, as the men are constantly going on expeditions in the country. The number of women and children in the city is very great. Polygamy is extensively practised. The fathers look upon the girl children as so much property, or as so much money. They were virtually slaves from birth, and eventually many of them are sold by the dealers in the slave marts of Morocco.

It is believed that the city of Benin contains fabulous amounts of ivory. For many generations the natives have been compelled to give the reigning king a certain amount of ivory, and, as the surrounding country is the richest in elephants of any section of Africa, the accumulation of tusks is figured to be immense.

When Capt. Gallway visited the King's palace he saw enough to convince him that the ivory of the kingdom was worth millions. The palace is surrounded by high walls of clay, and in the enclosure were numbers of shrines of carved tusks, some of them of prodigious size. Each shrine was guarded day and night by naked attendants, as the average native is not above stealing from his king, although he well knows that detection means death in a horrible form. King Obbah has some pieces of smooth-bore cannon and

slave dealers have taught his soldiers how to manage them. Some of his soldiers are also armed with old style rifles, but the bulk of them are armed merely with native weapons. Against the rapid-fire guns, which the English will bring against them, they will be mowed down like grass.

In the campaign against Prempeh, the English won a bloodless victory by employing pyrotechnics at night. The fireworks scared the natives almost to death, and depopulated the capital city of Kumasi in less than half an hour. King Obbah, however, has had more experience in modern warfare than the Ashantee King, and it is to be expected that he will make a more stubborn fight.

For two years he has waged a guerrilla war against the Royal Niger Trading Company, which maintains stations for many hundreds of miles along the River Niger. These wars have been mainly directed against the native employees of the company, and thousands of them have been killed or captured within the past two years. Europeans have seldom suffered from these depredations, and for that reason no regular military expedition has been sent against him. This has evidently made the king bold, as was shown by the recent massacre of Englishmen.

To punish King Obbah will not be an easy matter. To reach the city Benin means a march of more than two hundred miles through an almost impenetrable country, where the danger of falling into an ambush will be great. To guard against this, rapid-firing guns will be employed nearly every minute in the march of many days. A number of these guns will be kept in the van of the invading force, and thousands of shots will be fired through the thick brush, to clear it of lurking savages. In this way a fairly safe road will be plowed through the country for the English.

Among the Benin warriors, cannibalism is rife. Animal flesh is despised as coming from dumb, inferior brutes, while human flesh is regarded as the proper meat for great soldiers. The bodies of enemies killed in battle, even at great distance from the city, are transported to Benin with much labor for the purpose of supplying the population with an immense feast. The warriors eat first, then the male children are fed, while the women and small children receive the leavings.

During the brief intervals of peace, when there is a scarcity of war prisoners, slaves are sacrificed to appease the appetites of the King and his leading warriors. The execution ground in Benin is near the King's palace.—Baltimore American.

A VICTIM OF ASTHMA.

HAD NOT SLEPT IN BED FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

Seemed Doomed to Torture and Continual Misery—Father, Grandfather and Great-Grandfather Had Died from the Trouble—Relieve Comes in Old Age—The Cure Looked Upon as a Miracle.

From the Whitty Chronicle.

For years stories of famous cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have appeared in the Chronicle. During this time we have been casting about for a local case of such a nature as to leave no doubt of the efficiency of these pills. We have found several, but in each case it proved to be a sensitive body who could not bear to have his or her name and disease made public. Recently, however, a most striking case came to our ears.

Mr. Solomon Thomson lives on a beautiful farm on the west shore of Mud Lake in Carden township, North Victoria. He has resided there for forty years, being the first settler around the lake. He was reeve of Carden and Dalton townships thirty-five years ago, before the counties of Peterboro and Victoria were separated, and he used to attend the counties' council at Peterboro. Mr. Thomson has been a victim of asthma for forty years or more. However we will let him tell his own story on that head.

On October 15th, 1896, we took a trip to Mud Lake to visit the haunts long familiar to us, and make it a duty and found it a pleasure to call upon Mr. Thompson and learn from seeing him and hearing his account of it how he had been cured. For twenty-five years we had known him as a gasping, suffering asthmatic, the worst we ever knew who managed to live at all. We often wondered how he lived from day to day. On calling he met us with a cheerful aspect and without displaying a trace of his old trouble. Being at once ushered into his house, we naturally made it our first business to enquire if it were all true about the benefits he had received from using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. "Beyond doubt," said he. "How long have you used them, and how many boxes have you used?" he was asked. "I started a year ago, and took eight boxes." We next asked him if he felt that the cure was permanent. "Well," said he, "I have not taken any of the pills for three or four months. Still I am not entirely satisfied yet. You see my father, grandfather and great grandfather died of asthma. My people all take it sooner or later and it always ends their days. I have lost three brothers from the fatal thing. Knowing my family history it is hard for me to gain faith, but I can tell you for nearly thirty years I never slept in bed until I took Pink

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Pills. As you must have known, I always slept sitting in the chair you now occupy. I had a sling from that hook in the ceiling and always sat with my head resting in it while I slept. I now retire to my bed when the other members of my family do." "How old are you, Mr. Thompson?" "Seventy-six," was the reply, "and" I feel younger than I did thirty years ago, I was troubled a great deal with rheumatism and other miseries, probably nervous troubles arising from want of sleep, but nearly all the rheumatism is gone with the asthma."

During the conversation Mrs. Thompson, a hale old lady, the mother of thirteen children, came in and after listening to her husband's recital of these matters, she took up the theme. "I never expected that anything could cure Solomon," said she. "We were always trying to find something which would give him relief, so that he would be able to sleep nights, but nothing ever seemed to make much difference. At first he took one of the pills after each meal, but after a time he increased the dose to two. We noticed he was greatly improved after taking two boxes and began to have hopes. Later on when we saw beyond doubt that he was much better I recommended the pills to a niece of mine, Miss Day, whose blood had apparently turned into water and who had run down in health and spirits so bad that she did not care to live. Why, she got as yellow as saffron, and looked as if she would not live a week. You would hardly believe it," said Mrs. Thompson, "but that girl was the healthiest and handsomest girl in the neighborhood before three months had passed, and all from taking Pink Pills." Mrs. Thompson was called from the room at this juncture to attend to some household duties, and Mr. Thompson resumed the subject of his marvelous cure. "You can have no idea," said he, "what it is to go through twenty-five years without a good night's sleep without pain. I can find no words to make plain to you the contrast between the comforts I now enjoy and the awful life I had for so long. I had a big family of mouths to feed and had to work when at times I felt more like lying down to die. I would come in at night completely tucked out, but even that was no guarantee of rest. There was no rest for me. I seemed doomed to torture and continual misery. When my folks urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I thought it would be useless, but I had to do something or die soon, and here I am as right as a fiddle." The old gentleman shook his head to add emphasis to his last sentence, and looked like a man who felt joyful over a renewed lease of life, with all his old miseries removed.

After congratulating our old friend on his divorce from the hereditary destroyer of his kindred, we drove away. At many places in the neighborhood we opened discussions upon the case and found that all regarded it as a marvellous cure. Where the Thompson family are known, no person would have believed for a moment that anything but death would relieve him from the grip of asthma. Every word that is written here can be verified by writing Mr. Solomon Thompson, Dalrymple post office, and an intimate acquaintance of twenty-five years enables the writer to vouch for the facts narrated above, and for the veracity of Mr. Thompson in any statement he may make.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for pale people.

BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE.

How the Editor Corrected the Man's Death Notice in His Paper.

There was a time when certain editors made it a rule never to retract any statement that had appeared in their papers. With them it was a favorite saying: "If you have said that a horse was sixteen feet high when you meant to say that he was sixteen hands high, stick to it that he is sixteen feet high!"

This vicious principle once resulted in a very curious occurrence. A Chicago paper one day announced that a certain citizen was dead, and within twenty-four hours was visited by this citizen, who denied that he was dead, and asked for a correction.

"But," said the editor, "we never retract any statement we have made."

"What am I going to do?" asked the man. "The impression that I am dead hurts my business."

"The public knows it my reply," answered the editor, "on the truth of any statement in our paper."

"But I tell you I am not dead," the man insisted, "and I want to be considered alive."

"Well, it is a pretty hard case," the editor admitted. "Look here! I'll tell you what we'll do. We can't retract our former statement, but we'll publish your name in our lists of births!"

And so—as the story goes—the citizen had the satisfaction of being restored to the walks of living human beings by seeing his name recorded as that of a person born the day after he died.

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Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

I, S. JOHNSON, Esq. My Dear Sir—Fifty years ago this month, your father, Dr. Johnson, called at my store and left me some Johnson's Anodyne Liniment on sale. I have sold it ever since. I can most truly say that it has maintained its high standard and popularity from that time to this.

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This certifies that Dr. A. Johnson, whose name is signed to every genuine bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, in the month of Jan. 1840, first left at my store some of the same. I have supplied my customers with it ever since, (over fifty years) with increasing sales. JAMES KNOWLTON, Newburg, Maine.

Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free. All Druggists. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

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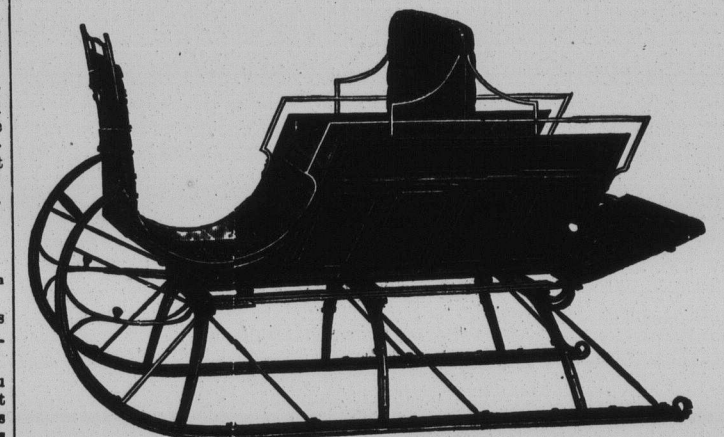
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